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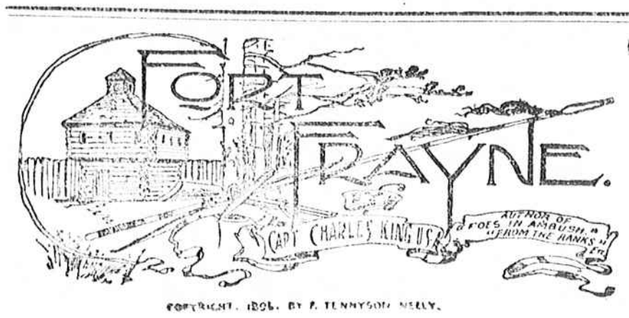


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CHAPTER X.

Just as first call for tattoo was sounding (no one having thought to tell the orderly trumpeter that, both on account of the holiday and the unexpected duty for the garrison, "the rules were suspended") a long column of cavalry wound away through the shimmer of the snowy moonlight and disappeared from sight along the flats below the post. Fenton and Wayne, with four of the six troops, had ridden down stream for a ten mile march. His object was to bring Big Road, with his little village, warriors, women, children, ponies, dogs, dirt and all, within the lines of the reservation of Fort Frayne. Once there even cowboy dare not molest them and no self appointed sheriff could impose his authority. With all Thorpe's bluster Fenton felt reasonably assured that even in so turbulent a corner of Wyoming the hustlers could not muster in force sufficient to warrant an attack that night.

Big Road's braves were few in number, but they were fighters to a man. Their sins, like those of all their tribe and kindred tribes, had long since been forgiven them by Uncle Sam, and it was not for his vassals to keep up the feud. Rare, indeed, are the cases when the soldier has long cherished a grudge against the Indian. The Twelfth had fought like devils after the murder, as they could but regard it, of their beloved colonel, but when the opposing band had finally surrendered and accepted the situation all rancor speedily died away.

It seemed to the regiment, therefore, a perfectly natural and obvious thing that it should hasten forth to protect this little remnant from the revenge of the whites. Laramie Pete, with all his faults, was a frontier hero whose popularity was second only to that of Thorpe, and at the latter's call, from far and near, cowboy, ranchman, miner and prospector would hasten to join forces under his leadership, and in 24 hours or less he could count on 500 determined followers, fearless as they were reckless, and defiant of any law that was not of their own devising.

In the selection of his troops Fenton had been governed by the time honored tenets of the Twelfth. Leale's men, having returned but a month before from a tour of detached service, escorting a government survey through the lands of the Shoshones far to the west, were therefore the ones designated to remain in charge of the post, being supported by what was left of the so called Indian troop—Crow Knife's company, a band of swarthy cavalrymen that took Uncle Sam's clothing, pay and rations with avidity, and even to his drill and discipline, so long as it was a new toy, but little by little the innate sloth and restlessness of the savage nature prevailed, and, one after another, noncommissioned officer and private, the Sioux soldiery had been discharged until nearly all were gone. Of the dozen that remained, however, were some of the noblest specimens of the race, men, who, like Crow Knife, seemed determined to rise above the apathy of the past into some position of power and influence for their people in the future, and it was almost unspeakable grief to these that they should be told that they could not go with the command.

Yet Fenton's decision was a wise one. Ever since Big Road's messengers (White Wolf and Pretty Bear) dashed into the garrison at 8 o'clock, claiming the intercession of the Great Father's soldiers, the excitement among the remnant of the Indian troop was furious. For a moment it looked as though they might cast off their uniforms and, turning out in breechclout and paint and feathers, indulge in a genuine old fashioned war dance on the parade. They were wild to get their arms and horses and to gallop to the succor of their kinsmen down the valley, but the lieutenant commanding was a cool hand, and, aided by the persuasive talk of one or two older warriors, measurably quieted the disturbance. Then, as most of the men on guard begged to be allowed to go with their comrades, seven of the Indians were distributed among the three reliefs, and Leale's men filled all the other gaps. It was about 9:30, as has been said, when the column marched away. It might be back before Christmas night. It might not be back for a week. No one at the moment could say because, even now, Big Road could have broken camp and started with his whole village on a night march for the fastnesses of the mountains, uncertain what fate might be in store for them if he remained. With the column went White Wolf and Bear, the former generally believed to be one of the four Indians engaged in the fracas that wound up the earthly career of Laramie Pete. Ahead of the column, full gallop, with only a single orderly, but with instructions to tell Big Road and his people to stay just where they were, as the Great Father meant to come to their protection, went Lieutenant Warren, and the maddest, "miserablest" man in all the garrison was Lieutenant Will Farrar.

When a young fellow is full of soldierly ambition, when he knows he is master of his work and is eager for an opportunity to prove it, when everybody has been treating him as a boy and he knows he has all the ability of a man, when his sweetheart, even, has been teasing and twitting him upon his apparent lack of consequence in the eyes of the garrison, and he is therefore all the more mad to prove at any hazard that it contains no more daring and spirited an officer, such an opportunity as was here afforded Mr. Farrar was not to be lost. He had implored Colonel Fenton to let him be the bearer of the message and was broken hearted at the kind but firm refusal. "The Indian is peculiar, Will," said the old soldier gently. "He never forgets or forgives. If his father had been killed as yours was he would hold it something to be avenged, although resentment had to be concealed, perhaps for years. They know you are his son. They know that the white men are leagueing now to avenge the death of Pete. They cannot understand such a thing as white soldiers, from sheer sense of duty and justice, interposing against their own kind to save the red man. In your coming they would read only treachery and would argue that you came to urge their remaining so that we might join our white brethren in surrounding and wiping them out of existence. Whatever you urged, even in my name, they would be sure not to do. No, I must send Warren. They know him well and trust him." But Fenton was thankful he had so good an excuse, for even without it he could not have brought himself to send Marjorie Farrar's only remaining son upon a mission that might prove perilous—that would certainly seem perilous in her eyes.

Hastening to the chaplain's as soon as Thorpe made his melodramatic exit, Ormsby was met at the door by the good old dominie himself and begged him to say to Mrs. Farrar that there was no cause for alarm. There had been a fight between Indians and cowboys several miles away, and Colonel Fenton had decided to send a force out to keep the peace. She heard his voice, and faintly but eagerly asked that he should come in. It was Helen, not Ellis, who bore her message—Helen, who noted with comfort, and Ellis, with mixed emotion, that the mother had learned to lean upon this staunch and devoted friend. Mrs. Farrar took his hand and looked appealingly up into his face as he briefly told her what had happened and what the colonel had decided to do.

"Will Willy have to go?" was her one question, and, ignorant as yet that Leale's troop would be designated to remain, Ormsby gravely answered that he presumed the entire command was ordered out. "But," he added reassuringly, "that fact itself is the surest guarantee of peace. There can be no further disorder in face of so strong a force."

For answer she bowed her head and hid it in her slender white hands. No wonder it seemed as though Christmas ever brought its tragedy to her at old Fort Frayne.

And then came diversion that was merciful. There was a rush of light footsteps, a flutter of silken skirts on the porch without, a bang at the door and in came Kitty, flushed, disheveled, tearful, indignant.

"What's this about Willy's going?" she demanded. "Where is he? What business has he— Why, he cannot go, Mrs. Farrar. He's engaged to me for the german tomorrow night."

There was something so comical in her utter inability to understand the gravity of the situation, to realize that a soldier's duty far outranked even so solemn a compact as an engagement to dance with his sweetheart, that even Mrs. Farrar forgot her grief and apprehension for the moment and opened her arms to the imperious little lady and drew her to her heart.

"Ah, Kitty, you have the same lesson to learn that I had long years ago," she cried as she sought to soothe and console the child, but Miss Ormsby was in no mood for petting. She was up in arms. She was being defrauded. Uncle Fenton had no business whatever to send Willy away on such a quest at such a time. It was worse than inconsiderate. It was outrageous, and then Mrs. Farrar's face went white again as she asked what Kitty meant, and then Kitty's nerve gave way, and she buried her bonny face on that motherly shoulder and burst into tears.

"I thought you'd heard," she sobbed. "They have only just told me. Captain Farwell came home to change his dress, and I asked him where Will was, and he said he left him offering his services to Uncle Fenton to ride ahead to the Indians, and he wanted to know if I didn't think Will was a trump. I don't—I didn't—I think it's simply h-h-heartless in him!"

And then Mrs. Farrar raised her eyes appealingly to Ormsby, and he went without a word. He knew what she needed and hastened in search of Will. He found him at Fenton's, whither he had accompanied the colonel, and where he was still pleading and tugging at his tiny mustache and tramping up and down and biting his nails, while Fenton, in the adjoining room, was calmly getting out of his dress clothes and into winter field garb.

"Would you mind dropping this and going down to the chaplain's and comforting your mother and my sister?" said Ormsby as soon as he could get in a word edgewise.

"Yes. Go, Will," said Fenton, "and tell her that there is nothing whatever in this affair to worry about. We're merely going to bring old Big Road up here to take Christmas dinner at the fort. There's no chance for a fight or you should go along. No, it's useless arguing, my boy. I'd do anything for you that's right, but this is absolutely unreasonable on your part. Now go and tell those two blessed women that you're to remain on guard over them, and they'll rise up and call me blessed—at least they ought to.

And so, finally, Ormsby got the peppery young fellow out of the house and fairly started, Ormsby keeping pace with him as he strode excitedly from the room.

"I want you to do something for me, Will," said he in a low tone as they hastened along. "I'm going with the command, and I haven't a moment to spare. Give this note to Mrs. Daunton for me as soon as possible after you reach the house. May I rely upon you?"

And as he spoke he held forth an envelope, evidently snugly filled, and Farrar took it mechanically and without reply. The boy was thinking only of his own disappointment. "Do you understand, Will?" persisted Ormsby. "It is of great importance that she should have it before 10 o'clock. You won't forget?" And wondering now, Farrar promised, and Ormsby turned abruptly back.

"I wish to the Lord I were in your place," was poor Will's parting shout as the guardsman hurried back to dress for the night ride. Already the four troops had marched to stables and were saddling. Already there were sounds of excitement over across the river and much scurrying through the straggling street of the cattle town of well mounted ranchmen and "cow punchers." Thorpe was as good as his word. He was rousing the county with a vengeance, hoping to ride down the valley in strong force within the hour and "wind up the whole business" before the cavalry could come to the rescue of the offending band. Will could hear the occasional whoop and yell that came ringing over on the still night air, and he was in a petulant mood bordering on exasperation when admitted at the chaplain's and ushered into the parlor, where Kitty still lay clasped in the mother's arms.

She scrambled to her feet the instant he entered and began an energetic outburst, but the sight of his woebegone face checked her suddenly. Mrs. Farrar read instantly the cause of his gloom, and her eyes brightened with rejoicing.

"Willy, my boy, then you don't have to go?"

"Don't have to go!" was the wrathful answer. "Don't have to go! I've been on my knees to that stony hearted old rip for the last ten minutes, and he won't let me go."

"God bless him!" were the mother's fervent words. "He knew—he well knew—what it would cost me to have my only boy torn from me at this time," was the thought that flashed through her mind, and her eyes welled with grateful tears, though she could say no more. It was Kitty who restored the social equilibrium. "I won't have you speak of Uncle Fenton in that disgraceful way, Mr. Farrar. You ought to be thankful you don't have to go, as you put it. Have you totally forgotten our engagement for tomorrow night?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Kitty! What is that at such a time as this? There won't be a sign of a dance unless they all get back in time, and I'd rather be dead than left here the first scout the regiment has after my joining it." He threw himself disgustedly into a chair, refusing to see his mother's outstretched hand, and for the time being absolutely indifferent to Kitty's reproaches. It was the discovery of this fact that taught

*"Willy, my boy, then you don't have to go."*

her how thoroughly in earnest he was, taught her that there was something alive in his heart of which she might well be jealous, and for the first time in her life the girl stood a little in awe of him, and, relinquishing her purpose of upbraiding, she turned back, baffled and defeated, and took refuge by the mother's chair.

"Tell us who are to go, Willy," said Mrs. Farrar entreatingly.

"Everybody but me and Leale. They'll be off in ten minutes too. Even Jack Ormsby goes, and I'm ordered—absolutely ordered—to stay here, as if I were some—some baby in arms, unfit to do duty with my fellows. I'll never forgive Fenton as long as I live."

"And I'll never forget it," murmured the mother as she gently checked Kitty, once more about to burst into impetuous speech. "I'm sure Colonel Fenton had grave and good reasons for keeping you here, my son, and if so tried and brave a soldier as Captain Leale can remain without reproach surely you can."

"There's just the difference," answered Will miserably. "Leale has been under fire and on trying duty time and again. His reputation was assured long years ago. I'm looked as a boy by—by everybody in this garrison, high or low, and forbidden a chance to do a thing. If you folks want to see that command off, the sooner you get out to the bluff the better."

"But you are going to take us, Willy," said his sister sympathetically. "Kitty and I, at least, wish to see the regiment. Do you care to go, mother, dear?" she asked anxiously, and then crossing over to her mother's side bent down and kissed her, but the question was no sooner asked than she would gladly have recalled it—"or will you come home now with me?" she hastened to say.

"I'll take mother home," said Will. "Go on if you want to see them start. I don't. That's more than I could possibly stand. The chaplain will take you gladly enough."

And so at last did Miss Ormsby begin to realize that even in the eyes of the man she had captivated she was for the time being of no account.

It was one of Fenton's fads to have out the band when the regiment or any considerable detachment of it marched away, and now, even at night, he did not depart from his practice. The chaplain had opened the door to note the progress of the preparations across the parade. Orderlies with the horses of the officers were trotting past. The noncommissioned staff were already mounting at the adjutant's office, and over at the band barracks the gray chargers, the music stools of the musicians, were being led into the line.

A mounted band was something that Kitty had never seen, and curiosity and coquetry combined led her to lend her ear to the chaplain's suggestion that she should come out and see the column ride away and wave a goodby to her admirers among the subalterns. If Will persisted in his ill temper, there was no sense in staying there, and perhaps the quickest way to bring him to terms was to manifest interest in his fellows. So, leaving him to the ministrations of his mother, she danced away to the front door, Ellis promptly following. The night was still and beautiful, softly hazy and not very cold, and the scene across the snow covered parade was full of life and animation. Lights were dancing to and fro among the company quarters. Two of the designated troops had already marched up from the stables, formed line in front of their barracks and, dismounting, were awaiting the sounding of adjutant's call and the formation of the squadron. Officers were mounting every moment along the row and trotting out to join their commands, and presently, from the colonel's big house on the edge of the bluff, came three horsemen clad in heavy winter field garb, and even in the dim light there was no difficulty in recognizing Fenton's soldierly form. These were joined by the adjutant as they rode out upon the parade, and then one of the group came jogging over toward the chaplain, followed by an attendant orderly. It was Jack Ormsby, and Kitty fluttered down to the gate to meet him.

"You and Aunt Lucretia will have to keep house by yourselves tonight, little sister," said he laughingly as he bent to kiss her goodby. "Corporal Rorke is to sleep at the house, so that you will not lack for guards. Where's Will?"

"He's with his mother in the parlor and just too miserable for anything," said Kitty, who, now that she could see for herself the preparation for a march, began to feel far more sympathy for her lover, if not actually to wish that she were a man and could go too. Ellis, quick to notice Ormsby's coming, had slipped back within the hall and partially closed the door. Glancing over her shoulder, she could see that her mother had left her reclining chair and was bending fondly over Will, smoothing his tumbled hair and striving to soothe and comfort him, but it was evident that Will was sorely hurt, for he turned away in irrepressible chagrin and distress and covered his face with his hands. Helen Daunton, forgetful for the moment of her own latter trouble, had sought to aid her friend in consoling the boy, but it was her first experience in such a case. She had never realized what it meant to a proud and ambitious young soldier to be held in garrison when his comrades were being sent to the field, and, finding presently that she could be of little aid, she drew away toward the window to join the chaplain and his wife, who were gazing out upon the parade, when the stirring notes of adjutant's call came trilling through the hazy moonlight, and, with a groan that seemed to rise from the depths of his heart, poor Will threw himself face downward upon the sofa, utterly refusing to be comforted.

"Come," said the chaplain in a low tone, "they will be better left to themselves. Let us go out and see the troops form line," and, hastily quitting the parlor, they came suddenly upon Ellis lingering at the outer door.

"Mr. Ormsby was saying goodby to Kitty," she nervously explained, "and I remained here for a moment. He is still there."

Yes, still there, although he had said adieu to his little sister, and the squadron was rapidly forming on the parade. Still there and looking now and then beyond Kitty's pretty, pathetic little face, clouded with a trouble altogether new to it. Still there, and longing for a sight of the face he loved as he did no other despite all its coldness and aversion. Then they came hurrying forth—the old dominie and his faithful helpmeet, the two young and beautiful women—and at sight of them Ormsby suddenly dismounted and passing the reins to his orderly ran nimbly up the steps and extended his hand. "Good night, chaplain—good night, Mrs. Ransom. We count on eating our Christmas dinner here despite the night march. Good night, Miss Farrar," he added gravely, gently. "We still hope to be here to wish you merry Christmas. Please extend my sympathies to Will. I know how hard it is for him to stay. Good night, Mrs. F—Mrs. Daunton," he stumbled on, and extended to her the hand which he had withheld from Ellis. "Oh, pardon me! Did Farrar give you a note I intrusted to him for you?"

"Not yet, Mr. Ormsby. He has hardly thought of anything but his grief at being retained here."

"Well, ask him for it before 10 o'clock. It"—and he was halting painfully now, for Ellis, withdrawing a pace from the group, was gazing straight into his face—"it—it explains itself. You'll understand it. Good night; good night, all. I must hurry." And with that he ran down the steps and out of the gate, mounted quickly, and without a backward glance rode quickly away to take his place by the colonel's side. Another moment and the adjutant, galloping out in front of the long line of horses, had presented the squadron to Major Wayne, and that distinguished officer, unexpectedly awake and lively, lost no time in preliminaries, but broke his command at once into column of fours, and with the band playing its joyous march music, and with old Fenton himself in the lead, away they went down the winding road to the flats to the east.

Once out of the garrison the band wheeled out of column and played the troopers by, then trotted back to unsaddle for the night. Men, women and children, the populace of Fort Frayne, gathered along the eastern edge of the plateau and silently, and in not a few cases tearfully, watched the column out of sight in the dim, ghostly light, and then little Trumpeter Meinecke came out from the guardhouse and trilled the martial curfew that sent them shivering homeward—an ominous Christmas eve tattoo.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

## A SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION.

### Why We Are Experiencing Mid-Winter in Advance of the Season.

The following statement of the phenomenal weather combination from the bureau in Columbia will be interesting to our readers:

Today's storm is the result of a combination of circumstances under which alone this section of the country ever experiences weather, the like of which is common in more northern latitudes.

On Saturday a storm centre developed in the Gulf of Mexico and took an easterly northerly course, moving across Alabama and Georgia to the coast, and thence over the ocean following closely the Gulf Stream, a path usual for south Atlantic storms. The influence of that storm began to be felt in Columbia on Sunday evening, when the wind suddenly changed from the south to the northeast, and shortly afterward rain began and continued until Monday night, by which time the storm had moved so far to the eastward that its influence was no longer felt in this section, and clearing weather could be expected. The charted weather on Tuesday morning showed that a storm of considerable energy had appeared to the southward of Florida, causing the northeast winds to continue in this vicinity all day Tuesday, and by the middle of the afternoon light rain began again due to the second storm.

This second, or Florida storm, had its starting point far to the eastward of the first or Gulf storm, and its centre probably did not at any time touch the mainland.

The course of the second storm was along the Gulf Stream, practically parallel to the coast. The above outlines the first part of the combination, and would in the summer time have given this section only precipitation in the form of rain.

The second part of the combination of conditions, and to which is due the moisture of rain, sleet and snow which marks the unusual character of this storm, was a vast area of high barometer with unusually low temperatures covering almost the entire continent, excepting only the southeastern portions of the United States, and including South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. As has already been stated, the prevailing winds were from the northeast and north since Saturday night, flowing into first the Gulf and then the Florida storm, and gradually lowering the temperature approximating the degree of cold from whence the winds came.

The foregoing explains the phenomena of snow and sleet so early in the season, which had it come two or three months later, would not have been at all remarkable.

To explain why such a storm was possible so early would require a review of the weather of the entire month of November just ended, and behind that the more difficult and impossible question why November exhibited the weather it did over the entire North American continent, for the latter question is beyond the ken of meteorology in the present stage of its advancement. However, the accurate observations of the weather bureau afford a basis of comparison between the past month's weather and that of the previous year's weather, and also enables certain deductions to be made as to the results that are likely to follow certain types of conditions. By this means the possibility and more than that, the probability of the present weather can be explained. Briefly stated, November exhibited abnormal weather over the entire range of observation, especially during the latter portion of the month. The climate and crop bulletin of the weather bureau for the month of November, 1896, gives a terse summary of the temperature conditions, as follows: "November, 1896, has been a month of very exceptional temperature conditions. * * * The most noteworthy feature of the month was the exceptionally low temperatures which prevailed almost continuously throughout the month from the upper Mississippi valley westward to the north Pacific coast, giving most remarkable departure from the normal, the deficiency being greatest over Montana and the western portions of the Dakotas, where it ranged from 15 to 27 degrees per day throughout the month. Over the entire region from the north Pacific coast to the upper Mississippi valley, the average daily deficiency generally exceeded 8 degrees per day. On the middle Pacific coast, over the central plateau region and middle Rocky Mountains slope, the month averaged colder than usual, but the deficiency in temperature was generally slight."

Extreme low temperatures and extreme high barometer readings are generally coincident. In other words, when the barometer pressure is high the temperature is low. In the summer type of weather there exists an area of quite stationary high barometer far to the northward of the borders of the United States, and storms generally form near, when it is remembered that continental distances are considered, the southern edge moves to the southward, further south during some years than on others, and consequently the area of probable storm development moves also farther south.

If this deduction is true it should follow that during the November just past, especially during the latter portion of the month, the storms of the north should have developed in the middle and southern Rocky Mountain slopes instead of the northern slope and the British northwest. An examination of the daily weather maps for the past two weeks shows this to have been the case. This answers briefly why we are experiencing mid winter weather fully a month or two in advances of the time it is usual to expect it.

As the reason for the early southward movement of the high area is not known, it is impossible to accurately predict its continuance, or to say positively that the winter will be one of unusual severity, or that the advent of spring will be early or late.

It is not even known whether the solution of the problem involves terrestrial or solar investigation, but the first manifestation of the answer will be seen in the northwestern portions of the United States and British America.

J. W. BAUER,
Observer Weather Bureau.

## WEYLER BUTCHERS WOMEN.

### Defenseless Prisoners are Shot Down by Drunken Soldiers—A Reign of Terror Openly Inaugurated.

Unable to crush the insurgents' armies, Captain-General Weyler has, according to Cuban advices, renewed his war on non-combatants with savage energy. It is stated that he some weeks ago issued a secret order to "clear the country of non-combatants." This order has been interpreted by the Spanish commanders as an edict to massacre old men, women and children, and the result is an appalling list of butcheries.

Colonel Struch, who has been operating in Pinar del Rio at the head of a thousand men, seems to have been most active in carrying out Weyler's savage edict. On November 18 he and his command started on a raid. They visited Rio Hondo, Palacios, Paso Real and other towns in the southern portion of Pinar del Rio.

At every place Colonel Struch gave his troops license to loot, burn and murder, and the result was that every hamlet visited was destroyed. During the raid the Spanish troops made prisoners of over 300 Cubans, the great majority of whom were women and young girls. These unfortunates were forced to follow the troopers.

On the night of November 23, Colonel Struch and his men drank heavily, and then followed one of the most horrible occurrences of the war. Inflamed by drink, the Spanish soldiers rushed upon the helpless prisoners, tore off their clothing and subjected them to horrible treatment.

Finally, Colonel Struch significantly told them that it was no use to be longer bothered by the "Cuban cattle." The soldiers took the hint and immediately began firing on the old men, women and girls. Volley after volley of lead was fired at the cowering and shrieking creatures, until not one was left alive.

The bodies of the victims were left for the vultures, and Colonel Struch marched his command back to headquarters and reported to Captain-General Weyler that several insurgent camps had been "raided and over 300 rebels killed."

Colonel Struch and many of his officers received furloughs in consideration of their services and returned to Havana. Colonel Struch has, it is said, openly boasted of the awful slaughter of innocents.

From other provinces come stories of massacres of innocents, but none so well authenticated as the one related above. Weyler's edict offering pardon to those who surrender is proving to be simply a device to lure Cubans to death.

A special to the Commercial-Tribune from Key West says:

Weyler's threat that he would starve Maceo out seems likely to be carried out, as from all reports from Mariel, near where Weyler is now, the work of destruction is being carried out fully. The Spanish army sweeps everything before it, killing beeves that it cannot use, burning cane fields and small stores with their provisions and leaving a wide waste of ruin and desolation in its wake.

People vainly implore Weyler to leave their provisions to keep them alive, but his brutal officers refuse with oaths and insulting words, if not worse. Over 300 refugees have come into Mariel since Weyler went out this last time, all giving the same story of raping, plunder and murder of the Spaniards.

A Spanish guerilla captain named Cozazola is accused of murdering over 100 persons in the valleys South of Mariel during the latter part of November. In one instance he is accused of confining a number of women and girls in a church, and after they had been repeatedly abused and maltreated by his men, he burned the building with them in it. Many other outrages, all as horrible, are charged to him and his company.

—President Lincoln was the first to occupy the White House to wear a beard, and Grant was the first to wear a mustache. It was reported at the time that Lincoln, in 1860, was induced to allow his whiskers to grow because a little girl to whom he had, upon request, sent his photograph, wrote him that he would look much better if he would let his beard grow.

## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

### Bits of Humor and Nuggets of Truth for the Multitude.

—You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.

—The man who is always insisting that he is his own man is usually his own slave.

—Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little than outliving a great deal.

—Parents who are rude to their children need not be surprised if their children become rude to them.

—To have the advantage of an enemy, and yet abstain from using it, is to display true Christian magnanimity.

—It is cowardice to conceal your relion through fear of men, and is Pharisaism to flaunt it ostentatiously before the world.

—Many have an idea that they are serving the Lord when they are meddling with something that is none of their business.

—"Is it true that Pidger is financially embarrassed?" "He is awfully in debt, but it does not seem to embarrass him any."

—How many blunders we should escape, if we were not so much inclined to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think.

—Australians are the greatest tea drinkers, and annually consume 7.66 pounds per head. The people of Great Britain consume 4.99 pounds each.

—There are people who have an idea that if a sin is universal, they have the right to do it, and if it is widespread it is spread too thin to do any damage.

—The voyage to Liberia takes 35 days by sailing vessels. In 70 years, during which there have been nearly 200 emigrations, there has not been a case of loss or disaster.

—If you really wish to cure a misunderstanding that has grown up between you and your friend, you will certainly avoid any action that may give fresh cause for offense.

—The most powerful guns now made fire a shot from 12 to 13 miles, and Krupp's great 130-ton steel gun hurled a shot weighing 2,600 pounds a few yards over 15 miles.

—Of a dozen photographs taken from as many different points of view, no two were alike. And yet we are persuaded that the man who differs with us is either blind or a fool.

—"I don't mind bein' spanked," sobbed Bobbie," nor I don't mind sittin' in a chair for five minutes; but when I'm spanked first and have to sit down right away afterwards, I tell you it hurts."

—If you have made a mistake, don't think it a condescension to apologize. The true gentleman is always ready to rectify a blunder. Only the mule bites with one end and kicks with the other.

—"What is woman's sphere?" she demanded, oratorically. "Well," he replied thoughtfully, "unless there has been a change since the Garden of Eden, I should say it was an apple. Of course there isn't a perfect sphere; but it satisfied Eve."

—That extreme partiality which gives horses warm stables and good bedding, while cows are turned out in the rain to lie on wet ground, and take all the exposure of the inclement season, is a discrimination most hurtful to the farmer who permits it.

—The dress of a fully equipped diver weighs 169½ pounds and costs about $500. The thick underclothing weighs 84 pounds, the dress itself 14 pounds; the huge boots, with leaden soles, 32 pounds; the breast and back weights 80 pounds, and the helmet 35 pounds.

—Apropos of the inconvenient names often given to helpless children, a strange custom among the mothers of Japan is to name their children after the first object which the eyes of the mother happen to rest after the babe was born. Thus in one village there are children named respectively, Dustpan, Brush, Cup and Kettle.

—"When did George Washington die?" asked a teacher in a New York public school. "Is he dead?" was the astonishing reply. "Why, it was not more than a week ago that we was celebrating his birthday, and now he is dead. It's a bad year on children, I reckon his folks let him eat something that didn't agree with him."

—An Irishman once worked all day on the promise of getting a glass of grog. At night the employer brought out the grog to him, and the Irishman tasted it and said, "Which did you put in first, the whiskey or the water?" "Oh," said the employer, "the whiskey." "Umhum," mused the Irishman. "Well, maybe I'll come to it by and by."

—Teacher—Have you finished your composition on what little boys should not do in school? "Yes'm." "Read it." "Little boys when at school should not make faces at the teacher and should not study too hard, 'cause it makes them nearsighted, and should not sit too long in one position, 'cause it makes their backs crooked, and should not do long examples in arithmetic, 'cause it uses up their pencils too fast."

—An old Algerian had seven sons. His wife died, and he remained a widower. Once his sons were seated and talking. The youngest of them said to his brothers: "Come, oh, my brothers! let us sell some goats, and with the price of them marry our father again." They dropped the subject of conversation, and passed to another. After awhile, the old man said to them, "Come, my sons, let us return to the conversation about the goats."

—The pastor of a church in upper New York, whose hearers are among the richest in town, but are niggardly in their contributions, has been trying to induce poor people to come to his church, and recently, through the columns of the local papers, extended to them a cordial invitation to attend. Last Sunday at the close of the service he said: "Brethren, I have tried to reach the poor of our town, and induce them to come to our church and break with us the bread of life. I infer from the amount of the collection just taken—$7.35—that they have come."